

Just Walk Away by MistressYin

Series: [Just A Word \[15\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Mr. Harrington (mentioned), Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-15

Updated: 2018-11-15

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:01:50

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 893

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve needed to take a breather. Hargrove could get on anyone's nerves.

Just Walk Away

Author's Note:

SUP

The phrase of the day is...Just walk away!

Steve took a deep, calming breath. Just walk away, he told himself. Get out of here before it escalates. Stop retorting.

“And you know? She was good fuck too, you should really try how it feels to be in-“ Steve heard ringing his ears as he forced his fingers to continue lacing his shoes. He pulled his shirt on, startled by his back slamming against the locker just as he got his arms through the long sleeves.

“You think you can just walk all over everyone because your dad beat the shit out of you, Harrington? I’ll take you right here, you useless piece of shit.” He snarled.

Steve froze, his legs going cold. The insult hit him rather than his friends, draining the anger away from him and turning it into shivering dread. He could feel his head spin as Hargrove slammed it back against the lockers again.

“Fuck o—f-f, Hargrove.” He breathed, squeezing his eyes together. The hands fisted in his shirt wavered, before a fist hit him straight in the mouth.

He swallowed the blood, making sure not to cough and spit it out on his good shirt. THE spat words made his shoulders slump.

Useless shit! You disgust me! Hey stupid, don’t you know how to listen? You’re pathetic. You can’t do anything right! I wish you were never born, than your whore mother would still be here for a good fuck. How come you’re so stupid? Will you take off the idiot you always seem to be wearing for a minute? Just go kill yourself. Go ahead and run, you disgusting coward!

It was clear in his father’s voice, and caused his head to spin rapidly.

He knew his breath was ragged.

“Jesus Christ, I know I didn’t hurt you that bad. Is this what your father did, huh? Just a single punch counts as a beating?”

And suddenly he wasn’t in the locker rooms anymore, he was in his father’s office and his back stung blood was racing down his lips and he couldn’t scream and he just had to take it—

His breathing stopped.

His father was angry and he had a bottle in his hands the shard dug into his skin he couldn’t get them out and the alcohol burned his throat and skin his clothes itched and scraped against his bruises—

The hands dropped him.

He scrambled to the wall, protecting his head. His father wasn’t going to stop anytime soon. He was ready for the leather to lick and sting at his skin, he hated waiting god it was almost worse than the beating he was so scared—

“Harrington! You have to fucking breathe!”

Did he? His eyes swam, confused. The voice was familiar and seemed to reach into the void of anger his father created, the suffocating smoke that filled his lungs. Alcohol was in his eyes and he couldn’t open them to make it worse, so he kept them closed and ignored the distant aching of his lungs.

He was speaking, jumbled pleas for his father to just stop because he was sorry he was useless and stupid better off dead better off dead better off dead **BETTER OFF DEAD**—

Two hands gripped his shoulders and he flinched because he knew he was in for it now men didn’t beg that wasn’t right why couldn’t he just be normal his back or was it his lungs burned but black was creeping into his shut eyes, darker and morbid and the lights peering through the veil were disappearing—

“Shit hell, Harrington just take a deep breath. Calm down!”

He jumped, his back pressing against the wall as he took a ragged breath at the command. His eyes were still peeled shut.

“Just, deep breaths. Try again. Control it.” his shoulders moved almost unnoticeably under Hargrove’s, not his fathers, grip, as he tried desperately to inhale.

“Deeper. Like, like this.”

Hargrove began exaggerating his breathing, which was so much easier and he found the copy of it simply, eyes fluttering.

He curled himself against the wall as he tried to continue the pattern.

“Shit, Harrington. Shit. What, are you okay?”

He chuckled weakly, eyes moving to him. “Did you learn from Maxine?”

Hargrove’s eyes snapped up. “What?”

“How to do that. She always helps me through ‘em”

Hargrove shifted uncomfortably. “No. We have some...outside practice.”

He just hummed in response. “So, are really fooling around with Wheeler?”

He flinched when Hargrove’s hand raised to hit him in the arm. In faltered and he mumbled an apology under his breath.

“So he...did he...really belt you?”

He must’ve been mumbling shit during the attack. Right now, however, unlike the end of most attacks, he was too foggy and uncaring to truly not want Hargrove to know anything.

“Sometimes. Usually just, hit me around. He always had a bottle with him, so I never really wasn’t in a non-life-threatening situation.” He moved to his shaky knees, but was stopped by Hargrove’s hands pressing him back.

Hargrove looked him dead in the eye. “I’m sorry. That’s not something I should’ve fucked around with.”

Steve felt a chill all the way to his core. “It’s okay. I...I might forgive you.” He assured.

Billy scoffed, picking up on the double meaning. “I don’t need to be a part of your babysitter’s club thank you.

Author's Note:

Duh Duh Duh!

Thanks again from MIstressYin!